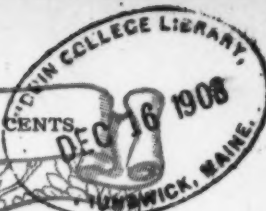


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PRICE TEN CENTS



"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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"ET TU, ANDY!"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

PERHAPS when he says that the oil business is hazardous, Mr. Archbold refers to that part of it which is written.

THERE is balm in Gilead and even nearer. Mrs. Snowden, an English advocate of woman suffrage now in this country, says the argument that a majority of women do not want suffrage is the best argument for giving it to them, "because majorities never want what is best for them, and the history of the world is the history of intelligent minorities." That explains it. Mr. Bryan would rather be defeated by an intelligent minority than elected by a majority which doesn't want what is best for it.

IT IS ADMITTED that the tactics of the militant Suffragettes have created a positive political issue in England. It seems probable, also, that a continuation of those tactics keeps the issue alive and at the same time alienates friends of the movement. Query: What ought the ladies to do?

VAE VICTIS! To the victors belongs the revision of the Tariff!

RICHARD CROKER had been absent from America so long that our changed viewpoint came as a surprise to him. It was merely a flash of his ancient impudence that he should question the verdict of civic and social decency. He will not likely offend again.

IF YOU have anything in mind that should be told to the marines, make haste and do it. It will be a hard job to find a marine in a little while.

"MONEY in the pockets of consumers cannot rightfully be legislated out of their pockets and this is precisely what the Dingley law does."—H. E. Miles.

Dear, dear, what malicious mischief! As if the smallest child didn't know that when you legislate money out of the pockets of consumers, you thereby make them prosperous!

EITHER the Judges are so lost to a sense of fitness as to be unable to realize the indecency of joining in a tribute of honor to Richard Croker or else they were not free to absent themselves from a function in honor of the man who had created them."—*Rabbi Wise.*

"I DO NOT know Dr. Wise. I understand that he was at one time a resident of this State, but has lived many years in Oregon and returned here recently. He is evidently talking of things that he knows nothing about."—*Richard Croker.*

Nobody would suspect that Rabbi Wise had been in Oregon. One would imagine he had been in New York City every minute of his life.

IN GRATEFUL acknowledgment of the remission by the United States of part of the Boxer indemnity, the Chinese government has sent President Roosevelt several hundred volumes of Chinese literature. The President has but little time to peruse them now, being occupied with official business and rifle practice, but they will be just the thing for light reading around the African campfire, when the day's last lion is shot and Kermit is making the coffee.

THERE is talk of Seth Low. But, mercy! We have got past the Seth Low period. We can no more go back to it than we can go back to black-walnut what-nots and Rogers groups.

OF COURSE a commission of experts is the only real solution of Tariff revision, but there is as much chance of that, at present, as of pigs developing wings.

FOUR FILIPINOS, completely surrounded by man-eating sharks, were recently rescued from a half-submerged boat. For ten years all the Filipinos have been surrounded by tariff sharks, *Standpattus Americanus*, but the latter as yet have never gone so far as to eat their victims.



UNEASY RESTS—

THE LORD HIGH TING-A-LING (in the Palace at Peking).—Great Confucius! Where is the Emperor?

THE LORD HIGH EVERYTHING-ELSE.—The royal nurse has taken his Imperial Majesty out to change his Imperial Majesty's royal and exalted didy.

PUCK



THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MR. SIMIAN.—Yes, it's really worth hearing, this lecture. You see, Professor Jabber has just returned from America, where he spent ten years at a place called Bronxzo. He claims to have solved the question "Do Men Talk," professing to have discovered a meaning in their chatter and positive proof that they communicate with one another.

JOURNALISTIC X-SCIENCE.

[Inspired by reading Mrs. Eddy's Christian Sciences Monitor.]

THE good ship Hope, off Cape du Nord,
With ninety-seven souls aboard,
Collided with a reef last night,
And sank. The world is sweet
and bright.

A train upon the M. and C.
Was wrecked last night at Kankakee;
Two coaches left the slippery rails—
Enough of harrowing details!

Welcome, O sheet of cheerfulness,
You give us what you don't possess.
Need we to make the meaning plain?
That nonexistent thing, a pain.

F. P. A

TOO LITERAL.

"WELL, YES," said Old Uncle Lazzenberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenstances of the village. "Almira Stang has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry Tootwiler. They'd be goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been inculcatin' into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy; but when she discovered, just lately, that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up two hundred and seventeen pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding, she 'peared to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally, and broke off the match."

MAN, just as Lord Bacon avers, is a social animal, and inveterately so, else the natural difficulty of always walking up to the hostess saying, "I've had such a lovely time!" must have long since proved insurmountable.

COMEDY'S LABOR LOST.

(Flipp and Flapp, those two rising young vaudeville comedians are making up to go on in their button-bursting turn billed as Sidewalk Stabs. Plastico, the Human Eel, has just come off.)

FLIPP.—Howdit go, Slippery?

PLASTICO.—Rotten. There's a guy with a souse out in Box B. He's getting it over, too. The stiffs out in front are giving him a great hand.

FLIPP.—Who is he?

PLASTICO.—Dunno. Fat guy—looks like he just et an elephant.

FLIPP (to Flapp).—We're on Bill, we're on. What's that gag we thought up the other night—somethin' about "nobody don't love a fat man?"

FLAPP.—You say that, pal. I'll come back with "He orter be down here doin' this stunt."

FLIPP.—Then I'll hand him "Say, I wouldn't want your head in the mornin', ol' chap."

FLAPP.—That orter get 'em. 'Spouse he gits peevish?

FLIPP.—If he does—you know me, Bill, you know me. Why out in Ypsilanti one time—

FLAPP.—There's our whistle.

(Twelve minutes later. Flipp and Flapp are back from their refined skit. The Human Eel is just ready for the rathskeller next door.)

PLASTICO.—Did you t'row it into him?

FLIPP.—Naw. Just had it ready when the 'lectrician tips Bill off that the jag is the owner of the house. Nix for ours, wit' the children at home cryin' for bread.

PLASTICO.—Gee, what does he want to get like that for, in his own house?

FLIPP.—Props says he has to do it to stand the bill this week. Goin' to eat that towel, pard?

Freeman Tilden.



A TANTALIZING TRIP.

MISS ASTORBILT.—What is the matter with your father? Is he suffering from seasickness?

MISS YELLOWBACKS.—Oh, no; but it always makes Pa blue to cross the Atlantic. It makes him so sore to think that he can't buy up the land under the ocean and charge the steam-ship companies big rent for the privilege of passing over it.



ON THE PICKET LINE.

HAZE YOURSELF AT HOME!

THE FIRST YEAR OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.



YOUNG men who can not go away to college, and old men who did not have the opportunities of a university education when they were boys, can receive the equivalent of a freshman year at college in their own home town, and be saved the cost of matriculation and tuition fees. Follow our directions, and haze yourself at home.

The regular course of hazing administered by the sophomores to the freshmen usually requires a month, so you should plan to have your self-hazing cover about this period of time. Begin by calling yourself names. Whenever you are

walking down town and happen to think of it, call yourself "Freshie," "Greenie," "Frosh," "Grass," etc.

The next step is to climb trees. This may require a great deal of mental suasion. At first the freshman in you may tell the sophomore in you that you can't climb; that the very idea is absurd; that people passing will think you are crazy. Then the sophomore in you must call the freshman in you many insulting names, and insist that you make the ascent. You will soon find the sophomore in you gaining, and presently you will be taking your education "in the higher branches."

Next you must propose to some young lady who is an utter stranger. The proposal can take place on the sidewalk in front of your residence. Wait until you see a young lady approaching. Do not wait until a pretty one comes along, because in college the sophomores are not discriminating. Run out on the sidewalk, grab the girl's hand, pour out your soul in eloquence, and conclude by kissing her hand and asking, "Darling, will you be mine?" You may be arrested, but this only makes it more realistic. Nearly all college students are arrested during their freshman year.

The next stunt should be taken as follows. Put your belt around your waist over your regular business suit, and fasten a long rope to the belt. Run this rope over a pulley fastened in the ceiling over a bath tub. Fill the tub with water. Then plunge yourself in and out of the water by pulling and releasing the rope. Take about twenty-five plunges at one performance. You may find that it requires considerable force of character to keep the good work up, but persevere, even if you are sure you are choking to death. Remember that a sophomore always has a lot of perseverance when hazing a first year man. When you finish take a monkey wrench, go to the street, and turn on a fire hydrant. When the water comes out bountifully, start to swim.

The next degree is not nearly so strenuous. From some child in the neighborhood you will probably be able to borrow some toy on wheels — a hobby horse, a wooley dog, or a stuffed rabbit. Attach a long string to one of these, and wheel it through the principal thoroughfare of your town. You may hear the citizens remark to one another as you go past: "Bug house," "Wheels," "Rats in the cupola," "Isn't it too bad! such a nice looking man too," etc. Do not let these remarks influence you in the least; remember you are receiving the first year of your college education at home.

A pantomime oration on the city hall steps is next on the programme.



FIDDLE D. D.

A man ceases to be a girl's ideal the day he marries someone else, whereas if he marries herself it takes rather longer.

Imagine that you are making a campaign speech. Of course you won't say anything, but then a campaign orator doesn't either.

Your next duty is to have your head shaved on one side. It is not advisable to have a barber perform this operation, as he would likely do too neat a job. Most any small boy will gladly do the work for a nickel. Then stain your face with iodine, as this, together with the head shave, will give you a real varsity freshman appearance.

Next collect one hundred red aunts, put them in your hat, and put the hat on your head. You will find the sensation a bit peculiar, but it is the real college article, and one commonly felt by "plebes" in the military academies.

Rowing with two matches out on the front lawn should constitute the next relay. This may attract a crowd, but advertising pays.

Next, dress up in your best suit—this trick is best performed right after a rain storm—and walk to some unpaved street where there is an abundance of mud. Then from the sidewalk take a running jump off the curb into the gutter. The mud will do the rest.

A week after this mud affair you should indulge in a molasses bath, followed by a roll in dry leaves. It is not necessary to ruin another suit, as it is sophomore precedent to strip the freshman before administering the gluecose dip. Take five gallons of molasses—New Orleans is best—and pour it into a box such as masons use to mix mortar. On the floor spread several bushels of dry leaves. Strip, take a plunge into the molasses, and then take a good, generous roll in the leaves. Jump up, grab your clothes in a bundle, and run into the house. This concludes the hazing program.

After you have gone through this initiative process you may consider yourself the intellectual equivalent of one who has pursued studies one year at the most advanced educational institution. You have developed manliness and force of character, you have developed your intellect, and, moreover, if you have any grievance against your neighbor, you know how to fix him. *Donald A. Kahn.*

SATIRE is a camel's hair brush which lays on the pitch of infamy delicately but lastingly withal. Diatribe, on the other hand, is a kalsominer's broom, whose daubings fall off by their own weight.



AN APPEAL TO JUSTICE.

RURAL JUSTICE OF PEACE.—So you want a warrant for the arrest of all motorists, do you, Uncle Peter, and what for?

UNCLE PETER.—Foh a golmighty good reason, Jedge—Ah bin a' sellin' fish 'round dese roads for fifteen yeaahs, an' a'tootin mah horn t' let folks know Ah's a-comin'. Now along come dese heah honk-honkin' autermerbeels an' folks 'long de road, dey t'ink it's me, an' dey runs out an' tries t' buy fish ob a cloud er dust; an' when Ah come by, a tootin' mah horn, dey jes' stays in d' house an' says to deirselves 'Dah goes annudder er dem gosh dinged motor cyars.' Yassah, Ah wants a warrant!

A NEW FEATURE.

WHY is it that the Salome dance has been here long enough to demonstrate its real worth, and yet hasn't been made a course of study in our public schools? As a supplement, an aid to manual training, it ought to be a useful adjunct. It imparts grace, removes bashfulness, gives one an easy manner in the presence of total strangers, develops some of the principal muscles and opens the pores.

Besides, it is very inexpensive, as one doesn't have to wear clothes. Says an authority:

"Never raise the leg on a higher level than that of the hip, and keep arm and leg movements in perfect harmony."

How many do this? It ought at least to be part of the curriculum of every school.

EVER-READY

EMINENT STATESMAN.—No, sir; nothing from me. I have nothing to say to a publication as persistently unfair and vicious as yours. The *Whirl* can go to hades, with my compliments.

REPORTER (cheerfully).—Can go? My dear sir, our circulation manager is prepared to prove that it does go there already—has the largest circulation.

A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

"I TOOK in two dollars just now," said the first promoter. "Good enough," declared the second promoter. "Shall we issue additional stock to correspond with our increased capital, or shall we have lunch?"



MODERN JOURNALISM.

CITY EDITOR.—What!! Not print anything about the fire!! Why, the whole city is threatened—biggest blaze in years!

BUSINESS MANAGER.—Yes, I know, but you see, the fire started in McBargann's department store, one of our largest advertisers, and I have just got word from them that they would rather we say nothing about it.

Diarie of Ye Forefather.



D ECEMBER 10, 1678, A.D.
Sche-naugh-ta-da, Providence of Newe Amsterdam:
Some Iriquois stole my woman yesterdae while I was setting ye trap for lions in ye hills. I am feeling pert this day. Expecte to spende a few days at ye Fort Orange with ye boys later in ye weeke.

DECEMBER 12TH:
Flushed a brace of Oneidas up ye Panther streams this a. m. and bagged bothe. My new double barrelld flinte

locke is ye good gun. Worked all ye afternoon arranging my things in ye cabine as I want them. Am having my owne way about ye house.

DECEMBER 13TH:

This is ye goode country after all. I met ye sweete girl, Angelica Colaer, last evening in Niskayuna. On ye waye home with my heart lighte as ye harvest moone I was treed by a bigge blacke bear. He kept me there all nighte and far in ye daye, yett I did not minde, as it gave me time to thinke of ye Mistress Angelica.

DECEMBER 14TH:

Found my woman gagged and bound lying in ye cabine whene I got home to-day from the deere hunt. I wish I knew the cuss that stole her, I'd make it hott for him, you bette. Now I shall have to send ye birche barke message canceling that date with Mistress Angelica. It is ye cruel worlde! I shall note go to Ft. Orange.

DECEMBER 15TH.

I dare not keepe ye dairie now.

Don. Cameron Shafer.

CONSERVATION OF RESOURCES.

S Eeking for the noble forest,
sadly, vainly do we turn!
Now our need's become the
sorest, and we have no
wood to burn;
Gone the stately oaks and
beeches, and the
hemlocks in their train—
But we'll make five hundred
speeches and perhaps they'll
come again.

All the earth is burrowed under, where Dame
Nature had her store;
We have torn her breast asunder for the coalbeds and the ore;
We are burning up the vapors in the gasfields of the West—
But we'll read some helpful papers that will set your fears at rest.
We are killing off the salmon, we are butchering the seal,
And there soon will be a famine of the mallard and the teal;

We are merciless as Russians in the slaughter of the game—
But we'll pass some resolutions, and we'll put them in a frame.

If we'd husband our resources it's the proper thing to dine,
With perhaps a dozen courses, and the handsome thing in wine;
And our weird, inspired orations, printed fresh and smoking hot,
Will convince admiring nations we're conserving on the spot!

Walt Mason.

THE SUBSIDIZED PRESS.

"**W**HAT are your advertising rates?" asked the manager of the Desdemonean Kerosene-Circuiters of the editor of the Cobville *Clarion*.

"Well," answered the genius, "for four free tickets we will describe you as a good troupe; for six tickets, we will call you the foremost exponents of the Shakespearean drama now on the jump; for eight tickets, we will state that it is a shame that such fellows as Mantell and Novelli should be posing as classic artists, when Hamdodo J. Ranter is playing within a thousand miles; and for ten free tickets—all reserved, mind you—we will declare that, when witnessing your marvelous performance, we really thought that we were sky-larking in a Thespian beer-garden once more, with Poe's Raven and the harpies singing sweetly in the peanut-groves and Cupid and La Belle Fatima festooning our august, bald brow with fig leaves and linked pretzels."



EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE COP.—An' yer say yer saw the man standin' on th' track?
THE MOTORMAN.—Sure I did; but the company has been testing fenders lately an' I thought he was only one o' them dummies,

Perhaps as irritating a pose as any is that of the man who keeps a diary to which he addresses himself as if it were a public meeting.



A NIGHT BLOOMING SERIOUS.

MATTER OF HABIT.

IT WAS the noon hour as the Man From Mars came to the factory gate and stopped to chat with a little knot of workmen who were greedily ravaging their dinner pails.

"I presume you work here," said the Man From Mars by way of introduction.

"Yes," responded one of the men politely as he took a drink of cold coffee. "This is Brown's Fertilizer Works."

"It seems to be a very unpleasant place," said the Man From Mars. "I presume the returns from your labor must be very large."

"Returns?" rejoined the workingman questioningly.

"Yes, your profits."

"We do not get any profits. We get wages. Brown gets the profits."

"Well, it's all the same, isn't it? What do you mean by wages?"

"Why, that's what he pays us for working."



WHERE IS HE?

Uncle Jim plays hide-and-seek with Little Willie.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

ASTRONOMERS are reckoned fair at higher mathematics,
Your engineers are gluttons for the more abstruse quadratics,
Surveyors burst with logarithms crammed at
Alma-Maters,
And even bank-clerks pull in fame as light-
ning calculators.

To such I gladly yield due praise—but
more would be immoral!
Sheer truth compels me to present another
with the laurel:
Another's hand is defter far at figures—I re-
member
My little straight-laced typist was not hipless
last September!

Henry Sydnor Harrison.



"Oh, I see, but what interest is it of his for you to work in such a foul-smelling place?"

"He gets what we produce," replied the workingman, his curiosity increasing at the apparent density of his questioner.

"Oh, then, you do some paying on your own account," suggested the Man From Mars reflectively.

"Sure," responded the Workingman as he prepared to tackle a piece of pie. "You couldn't expect him to pay us for nothing."



COUNTRY STYLE.

MR. CITICUSS (home from the office).—Why, what's the matter with father-in-law?

MRS. CITICUSS.—Oh, Pa went out for a walk to-day—his first since coming to New York—and he's got a bad sore throat from saying "Good morning" to every one he passed.

"I suppose not, but you see I don't understand it very well. What I want to get at is how does what he gives you compare in value with what you give him?"

"That's easy," answered the Workingman quickly. "You see, if we didn't give him more than he gives us, he wouldn't hire us. He is not in business for his health or ours."

"Now it is clearer," continued the Man From Mars. "Now I understand his position, but yours is not so clear. Why should you give more than you receive in return?"

"Well, you see, we've always done it that way," responded the Workingman starting off in obedience to the whistle which commanded him to return to his bench.

Ellis O. Jones.



When he
 goes out
 walking

L. M. G. H. KEN

Double Secret Service guard at all times.

THE PUCK PRESS

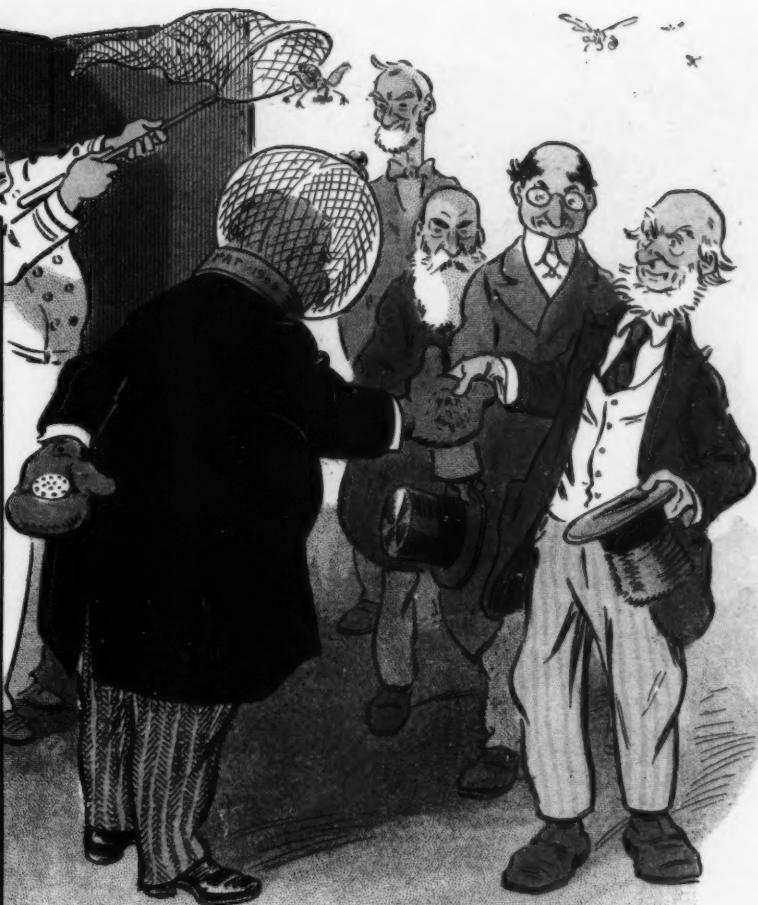
When he goes out walking weather.

HEAVEN PROTECT TAFCI
 THE ONLY HIGH PROTECTION

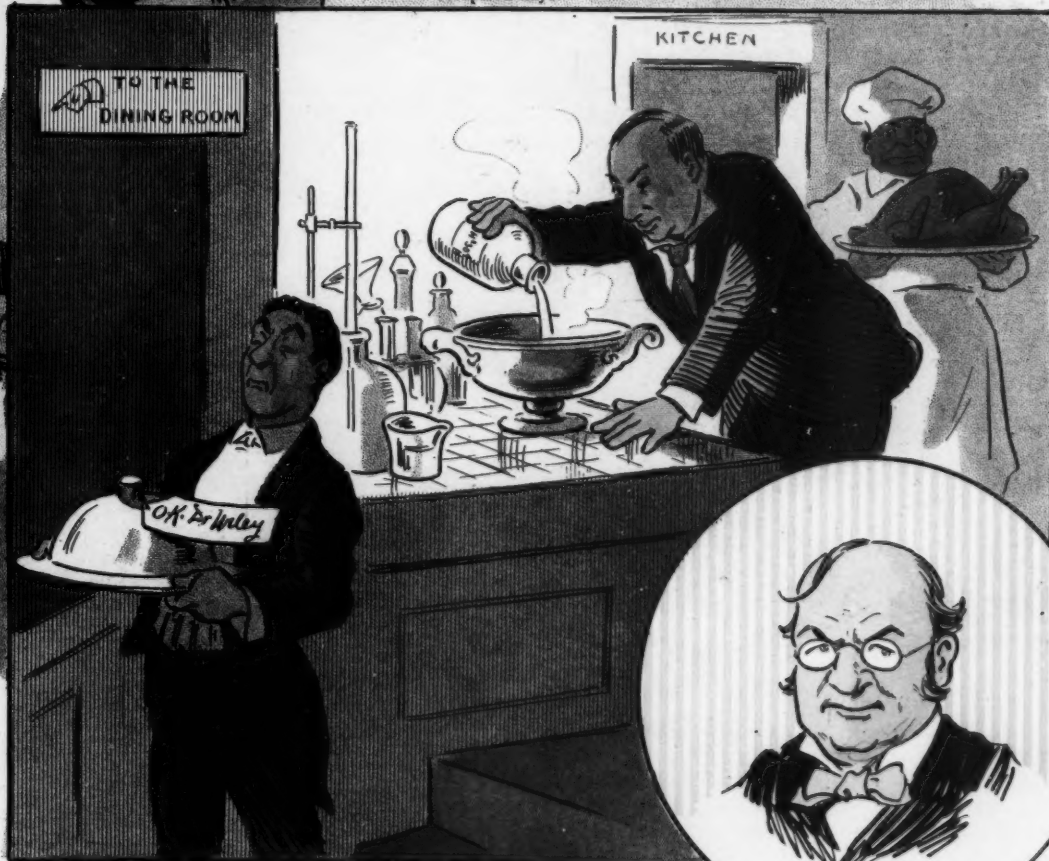
PUCK



When he goes out walking, let him be prepared for all kinds of weather.



Sterilized mittens and germ-proof screen for use on public reception days.



All meals carefully tested and tasted by Dr. Wiley.



THE REASON.

ECT TAPCI—THERE'S A REASON.
HIGH PROTECTION THAT PUCK STANDS FOR.



THE Welsh Rarebit was simply boiling; every man's hand was against him, and he knew it. First he was hustled unceremoniously in one direc-

tion, and then somebody else had a hand in the matter.

As for that big silly Spoon, he had no head at all. Anybody could influence him. He responded to every suggestion, leaning first one way and then the other. At last the Welsh Rarebit felt he could stand it no longer.

"Let me alone, can't you?" he hissed angrily to the Spoon. "You have got me all stirred up."

"Oh well, don't get so hot about it," returned the Spoon. "Look at the mess I'm in."

"Why can't you make up your mind what you want to do and then stick to it?" asked the Welsh Rarebit in an injured tone.

"I am but the slave of circumstances," replied the Spoon, grandiloquently—"a mere creature of environment."

"I presume I am your environment at present?"

"Yes, and you are making it pretty warm for me. I don't like to be personal, but really, my dear, you are entirely too thin. You need some exercise. Come on, let's have a run around the common!" And the Spoon gave the Welsh Rarebit a merry chase.

"Oh dear," groaned the latter, "I don't know which way to turn. I am all mixed."

"Not yet; but have faith in me and I'll bring you out all right."

"None of your foolish compliments, please," said the Welsh Rarebit, haughtily. "You can't string me."

"No, indeed; you are getting too smooth for that. Come on, let's have another run. I'll beat you."

The Spoon paused at last and leaned wearily against the Chafing Dish.



IN 1968.

GRANDPA (*peevishly*).—Well, y'can talk all you like about Rocketships, Monorail-fliers and this here new line of New York and London night boats, but give *me* the good old times. Folks didn't use to be in such a tearing hurry. In my day, if we hiked along at sixty-five miles an hour, we thought it was fast enough for anybody.

"I'm all in," he gasped.

"I wonder why these people fuss over me so," said the Welsh Rarebit, when he could get his breath. "They know I don't agree with them."

"Well, you see the women know how fetching they look in those dinky little aprons with the frills and the big pink and blue bows, and they know, too, the appeal of the domestic to the masculine—heart. They bring us together in the hope that we may—well, suggest, let us say, a dainty little table laid for two in a cunning little apartment, with that particular woman as its presiding genius. The power of suggestion is a wonderful thing.

As soon as a man begins to think what a lonely chap he is and how well a certain young woman would look at the head of his table—well, it's all up with him."

"That may all be true, but it doesn't explain why the *men* are so fond of me," said the Welsh Rarebit.

"It is a curious thing, but I have noticed that the less a man really knows you, the bigger bluff he makes at being an old friend."

"I am getting pretty thirsty," observed the Welsh Rarebit, dryly. "I wish they would give me a drink."

"You are not going to have beer, you know."

"I'm not? What do *you* know about it, pray?"

"The curate is here to-night. They would never give you beer when he is here."

"Do you mean to tell me I'll have to drink milk?"

"I'm afraid you will."

"Then I hope I'll kill them all," said the Welsh Rarebit, vindictively. "But I am going to settle you first. You are an interfering sort of a person, and I am not going to have you messing in my business any longer." And throwing himself with all his weight against the Spoon, the Welsh Rarebit knocked him down and danced on his prostrate body.

MORAL.—Don't let other people make a spoon of you. Take your own advice and let the other fellows go. Above all, don't get mixed up in other people's affairs. *Barbara Blair.*



THEN SHE SHOOK HIM.

THE MAIDEN (*softly*).—Y-yes, M-Mister Ad-dlepatte—G-George—I do l-love you a lit-

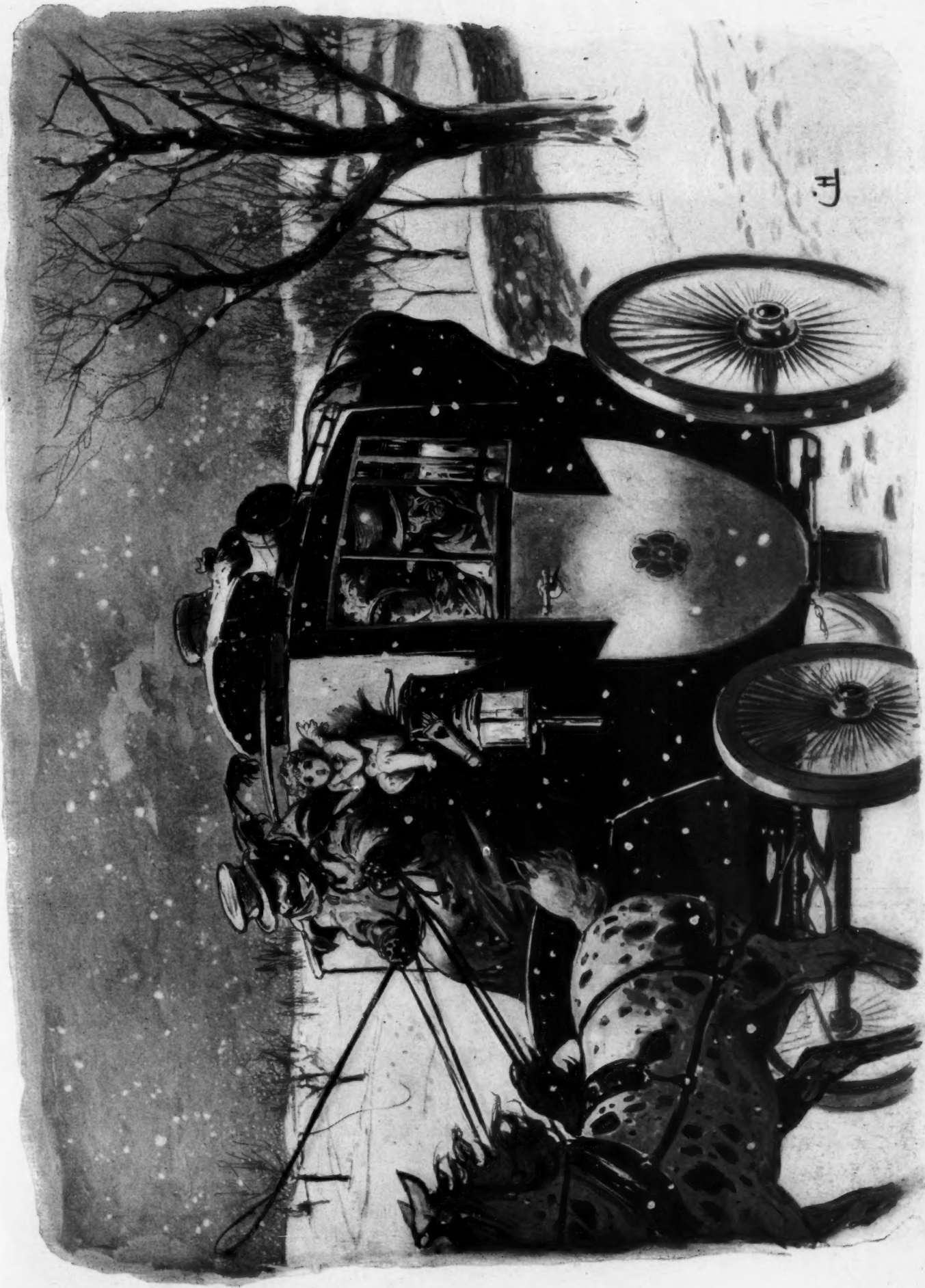
THE NEAR ACCEPTED SUITOR.—Oh—er—beg pardon, Miss Grace,—er—that is, darling—but would you mind fetching me a whisk-broom. When I was kneeling just now I got a lot of confounded lint all over my trousers.

IN VAIN.

I praise the nut brown maid. "I do
Not care a little bit
For colored help," my wife objects;
Whereat, of course, I quit.

HISTORY is the process of discovering how much funnier a great man's real motives were than his contemporaries ever supposed.

Character is ballast in the sense that it's about the first thing we throw overboard when we get on the rocks.



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.



**HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE**

A PURE REFINED TONIC
AND HEALTHFUL STIMU-
LANT GIVES A CHARM TO
HOSPITALITY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



**LOOKING
AHEAD?**

If so, start a store
or other business
in one of the new
towns in the Da-
kotas, Montana,
Idaho or Washing-
ton along the Paci-
fic Coast Extension
of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Descriptive Books Free. F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



NOBLE SIX HUNDRED.

"We don't hear any more of the original Floradora sextette."

"Well, you can't expect a sextette to last as long as a Light Brigade."

Remove the core from half a grape fruit, add tea-
spoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and pulverized sugar to
suit taste, and you have a delightful dish.

Pure



good
old
**RED
TOP
RYE**

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Pears'

The goodness in Pears'
Soap is an antidote for all
bad complexions.

For goodness sake use
Pears.'

Sold in America and elsewhere.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street. NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



H. C. BUNNER

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of
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MRS. YOUNGLING.—Oh, he snubbed our precious Alfred. He said he thought baby might some day become Vice-President.

If you have a sluggish appetite in the morning, try half a grape fruit, adding sugar to suit the taste, and a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters. Nothing better.

SENIOR TO PHOTOGRAPHER.—Which way shall I turn my eye?
PHOTOGRAPHER.—Toward that sign, please.
(Sign reads).—"Terms Cash."—*Cornell Widow.*

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UNAPPRECIATED.

"What is your business?" asked the thin-lipped woman, not encouragingly.

"I'm an after-dinner speaker," replied the applicant for a hand-out, "before dinner."

It was at this point she made a move to unchain the dog.—*Phila. Ledger.*

EQUIPPED.

"I am introducing," the peddler began, "a patent electric hair brush—"

"What do I want with a hair brush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps—"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little child—"

"We have. It's month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the peddler. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The peddler dived into another pocket.

"Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in flypaper."—*The American Grocer.*



CUSTOMER.—What is the price of the duck?

LITTLE GIRL.—Please mum, it's three shillings. But mother says, if you grumbled, it's two-an-six!—*Punch.*

A LARGE touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides, he should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night."

Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted: "Never mind, sir!" he exclaimed, with a sigh, "I'll try to back out. I've got one, just like her at home."—*Exchange.*

A Club Cocktail

Is A Bottled Delight

—a mixed-to-measure blend of fine old liquors aged to a wonderful mellowness. Once drink CLUB COCKTAILS and you'll never want the guess-work kind again.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

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AN OBT-NEEDED KEY.

"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before."

"Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word, you press this key and it makes a blur."—*Boston Transcript.*

GLOBE SIGHTS.

About all the government is good for is to collect taxes.

Give a woman a rocking chair and a handkerchief, and she is prepared to cry with the whole world.

In that search for something new under the sun, look for a woman whose hair isn't coming out by the handfuls. —*Atchison Globe.*

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Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish.

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. Use 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 N. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Stories to be Read while
the Candle Burns. ❄️

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Paper, 50c.
Cloth, \$1.00.

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APPRECIATION.

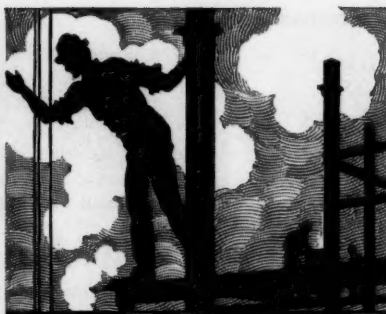
"You don't object to these investigations of the affairs of your great monopoly?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "They're a good deal of help in enabling me to catch up with details of my business that might have escaped my attention."—*Washington Star.*

THE British artilleryman, as he swelled his chest with pride and pointed to a small bronze cannon, remarked:

"And this, sir, is a gun we captured at Bunker 'Ill."

"Yes," blandly replied the American tourist, "you got the gun and we got the hill."—*Exchange.*



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ANOTHER VENUS DE MILO.

Little Venus Buchingham, the daughter of John E. Buchingham, fell one day last week and broke her arm in two places, but we are glad to say she is now getting along nicely.—*Big Sandy (Ky.) News.*

"You would scarcely believe how jealous my husband is of me."

"What a flatterer he is!"—*Meggen-dorfer Blaetter.*

"I HEAR yer frien' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' two wreaths."—*Dundas Advertiser.*



OF COURSE NOT.

FIRST PUSH CART PEDDLER.—How vos der peezness?
SECOND P. C. P.—Well, it don'd run idself.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

COURTSHIP IN IRELAND.

An Irish boy marries when he has a rid house, and an Irish girl just when she pleases. Sometimes she so pleases while yet her years are few; at other times she is content to wait upon wisdom. In the latter case, of course, she makes a wise choice; but in the former almost always a lucky one—for Luck is the guardian angel of the Irish.

"You're too young to marry yet, Mary," the mother said, when Mary pleaded that she should grant Laurence O'Mahony a particular boon.

"If you only have patience, mother, I'll cure meself of that fault," was Mary's reply.

"And she's never been used to work, Laurence," the mother said to the suitor, discouragingly.

"If you only have patience, ma'am," was Laurence's reply to this, "I'll cure her of that fault." And he did, too.—*Seumas MacManus, in Lippincott's.*

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OLD OVERHOLT RYE

A mellow, mature whiskey, scientifically distilled, carefully aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond under Government supervision. The Government green stamp over the cork of each bottle is a guarantee of age, proof and quantity.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

MASTER.—What is the date of the battle of Waterloo?

PUPIL.—I don't know, sir.

MASTER.—It is a simple matter, if you haven't a good memory, to employ some mechanical method to aid you. In this case, for instance, take the twelve apostles and the half of their number, which makes eighteen. Multiply them by 100; that makes 1800. Now, take the twelve apostles again and add a quarter to their number, which makes fifteen. Add it all up together, which makes 1815, the date you want. Quite simple, you see, and you can always remember dates by using that system.—*Psychological Review.*

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"NESTOR" "IMPORTED" "ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label. 25 cts. Blue Label. 15 cts.
The "man who knows" will always get The world-famed NESTOR Cigarette.

PROFESSIONAL YALESMEN.

SHE.—Do Yale men choose their professions before their Senior year?

HE.—Oh, yes. Most of them choose their profession when they enter Yale.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Relaxation

comes to the nerves and brain when the steamer turns south outside the Hook and the horizon overflows with the great glorious sea. Ample deck spaces, saloons, smoking room and comfortable cabins make a steamer trip the only way to start a winter vacation. The

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only direct water route, offers all this and more.

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H. H. RAYMOND, V. P. & G. M. A. C. HAGENTY, G. P. A.
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MR. BRYAN's determination to investigate the cause of democratic defeat reveals a remarkable lack of self-consciousness.—*Washington Star.*



A CLEAR HEAD AFTER DRINKING COOK'S IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE

Because it is made from the pure juice of luscious grapes. Millions of people find their tastes embodied in the delicious flavor and bouquet of this one perfect vintage.

Sold Everywhere.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER EVANS' ALE

Apply to nearest Dealer or write to
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

HAD A RECORD.

"I don't see anything remarkable about that bear," said the visitor to the Zoo.

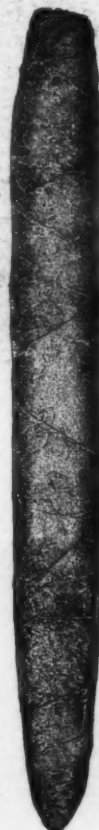
"You don't?" replied the keeper. "Well, that's the bear that didn't nearly kill Bryan."

His interest thus stimulated, the visitor continued his inspection.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Tainted Advertisements"

is what Dr. Harvey Wiley—chief of the Washington Bureau of Chemistry and eagle-eyed guardian of the Pure Food Laws—in a recent speech, calls advertisements "which make misleading statements about the quality of the goods advertised."

Shivers' Panatela is full 5 in. long



Doctor Wiley thinks the principle of the Pure Food Law should apply to all other merchandise, and that a misleading advertisement is as bad as an untruthful label.

Good for Dr. Wiley! Nothing would please me better than to have a law enforced that would not only compel every maker of cigars to label every cigar box with a description of just what kind of tobacco was used in the manufacture of its contents, but to tell the truth about them in their advertising.

There would be something doing in the cigar business not now on the schedule.

Havana! What that name has to stand for. That word has been made to cover everything from fine leaf grown and cured in Cuba to the shorts and cuttings—the by-product of the cigar manufacturer; and to the seed tobacco grown in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and New York, etc.

And as to wrappers. Is it Havana? or is it Sumatra? Is it a genuine Sumatra or the so-called "Sumatra" grown in Florida? Or is it Connecticut seed leaf?

In no other field of manufacture is there more need of protecting the public against wrong labeling. Did you ever see a box labeled other than "Havana"?

It is in the light of the foregoing that I make my claims. I make them as definitely as I can with my present knowledge of the English language.

My Shivers' Panatela is a hand-made cigar—all of the filler is clear, clean, straight long Havana tobacco. No shorts, no cuttings—

My Book is Free It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars, and smoking in general that every man should know. Illustrates and describes all the different shapes and sizes of cigars I make and tells the truth about them. Write for it.

no doctoring of any kind. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra.

It is the ten cent cigar of the trade.

To a new customer, I will send them for a trial in boxes of fifty at \$2.50—5c apiece. I let you try them before you buy them.

And no man need pay me a penny who for any reason doesn't like them or finds them different from my description.

Here is My Offer

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of PUCK, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

I have been doing business under that offer for seven years.

In that time my place of business has grown from a single loft to an entire five-story and basement building in the business centre of Philadelphia. 90% of my output goes to fill repeat orders.

If the shape of my Panatela doesn't appeal to you I have others that will. I make all sizes and shapes.

They are all labeled and made under sanitary surroundings that I welcome Dr. Wiley or any one else to inspect at any time.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.

921 Filbert Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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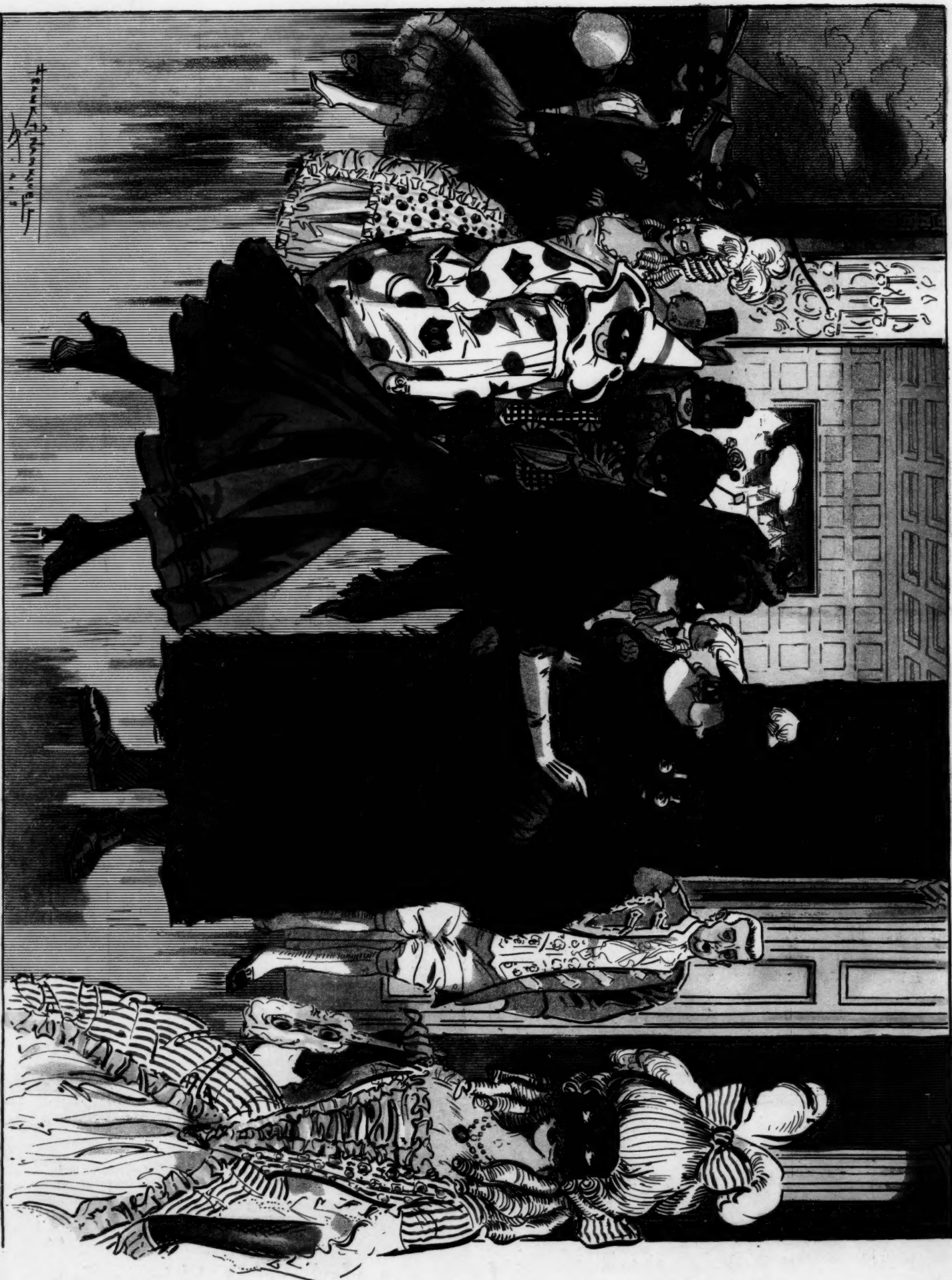
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THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE THOUGHTLESS PARENT.

HIS DAUGHTER (*who is giving a fancy dress ball*).—Oh, Father, how could you! Why didn't you come in a disguise?